Jet's Fairy Ring

[Underlined words are explained at the end in the fairy glossary.]

Once upon a time in a deep dark wood lived a Blue Fairy called Jet. Her home was inside a hole in a huge oak tree. Jet had lived there since she could remember which was not very long in human years.

It was lovely in her tree. The sun filtered down through the limbs and kept everything aglow. All the acorns and leaves and mushrooms and twigs on the forest floor basked in the light as Jet wandered through them. Her job, as fairies always have a very specific job, was tending the mushrooms. She carried a folded leaf with a drop of water inside and would rub water all over the mushrooms if they asked politely. And it seems the mushrooms were always thirsty!

Mushrooms were very important to her tree; Tinadore. Tinadore was an ancient oak and scattered her acorns all about the forest floor. Some would burst into greenery every spring. It was the job of the mushrooms

to help Tinadore communicate with her children. If the children were having a problem she would hear about it and adjust her timing the next spring so the baby acorns would have a better chance.

Everyday Jet would happily gather a dewdrop and visit her mushroom friends. Sometimes a squirrel would drop by and ask Tinadore if she could give her an acorn or two to store away for winter. Tinadore always said yes and to take as many as they wanted. The wise oak tree knew the squirrels would bury them all and eventually forget where some of the acorns were! Then baby acorns would sprout up even further away than Tinadore could spread them! A very satisfactory arrangement and worth losing acorns for! The squirrels

got food for the winter and Tinadore's babies spread far and wide!

Jet would sometimes find a hungry squirrel in the woods and invite her to visit Tinadore and ask for acorns. Jet always advised the squirrel on proper etiquette for the acorn acquisition and the squirrels

were very appreciative. Jet had lots of squirrel friends too. The only friends Jet did not have were other

fairies! She hadn't seen another fairy for so long! The last was her mother before she faded.

Fading was a joyous thing. Jet's mother made sure she understood all about fading before it happened to her. One morning Pyrl, Jet's mother, was sitting on a new green leaf humming softly to herself. She beckoned to Jet to come near. Pyrl gently smiled and told Jet it was her time to fade and to sit near her and watch on another leaf. Pyrl closed her eyes and got very silent. The light through the tree limbs got sharper and brighter. All the light seemed to focus on Pyrl. Rings of green seemed to rise from the leaf and move up Pyrl's body like a little layer cake and then over her head into the light. Then Pyrl began to glow purple. Purple was Pyrl's color. Pyrl became brighter and brighter so Jet could see through her. Pyrl had a big smile on her face and opened her eyes. They were shinning white and it was hard to look at them. Pyrl put her hand to her lips and blew Jet a kiss and then faded into the light. She was gone.

After the fading Jet had mixed feelings. First she missed her mother! The little bed Pyrl used to have in the tree was empty. Jet missed her humming and singing. The mushrooms and squirrels wondered where Pyrl was. But Tinadore knew. And Tinadore was very quiet. Tinadore knew life was changing for Jet.

One day on her mission to water mushrooms Jet saw a little squirrel crying all alone. She came up on the squirrel and asked what was wrong. That just made the little squirrel cry more. So Jet asked her name instead. The beautiful squirrel looked up through shinning eyes and told her; Petra. Jet sat down and patted Petra's fur making soothing sounds and calling her name. Finally Petra stopped crying and just sniffed for awhile. Jet sat quietly and Petra began to speak.

“It was such a hard winter! Mother and I had a nice nest in a spruce tree and were all cuddled in from the cold. Then a huge wind came and swayed our spruce back and forth and our nest started falling apart. We were thrown into the snow. I looked and looked but could not find her! So I found a hole and scrunched in. Thankfully we had buried lots of nuts all around and I kept as warm as I could on the frozen ground. I would go out and search but mother was gone! I searched all winter!” Then Petra started crying again and Jet held her hand.
“Come visit my friend Tinadore and she will give you some acorns. She will know what to do!”
So Petra and Jet wended their way back to Tinadore and formally requested acorns please. Petra was still sobbing and Tinadore asked Jet to whisper what was wrong to her. Tinadore became very silent.
“Jet, you must go with Petra to her home and help her find her mother.”
Tinadore had a very serious and important feel to her, like she knew something extraordinary. Jet knelt and placed her hands on Tinadore’s roots and kissed them. Then she took a few acorns and Petra’s hand and off they went into the wood.

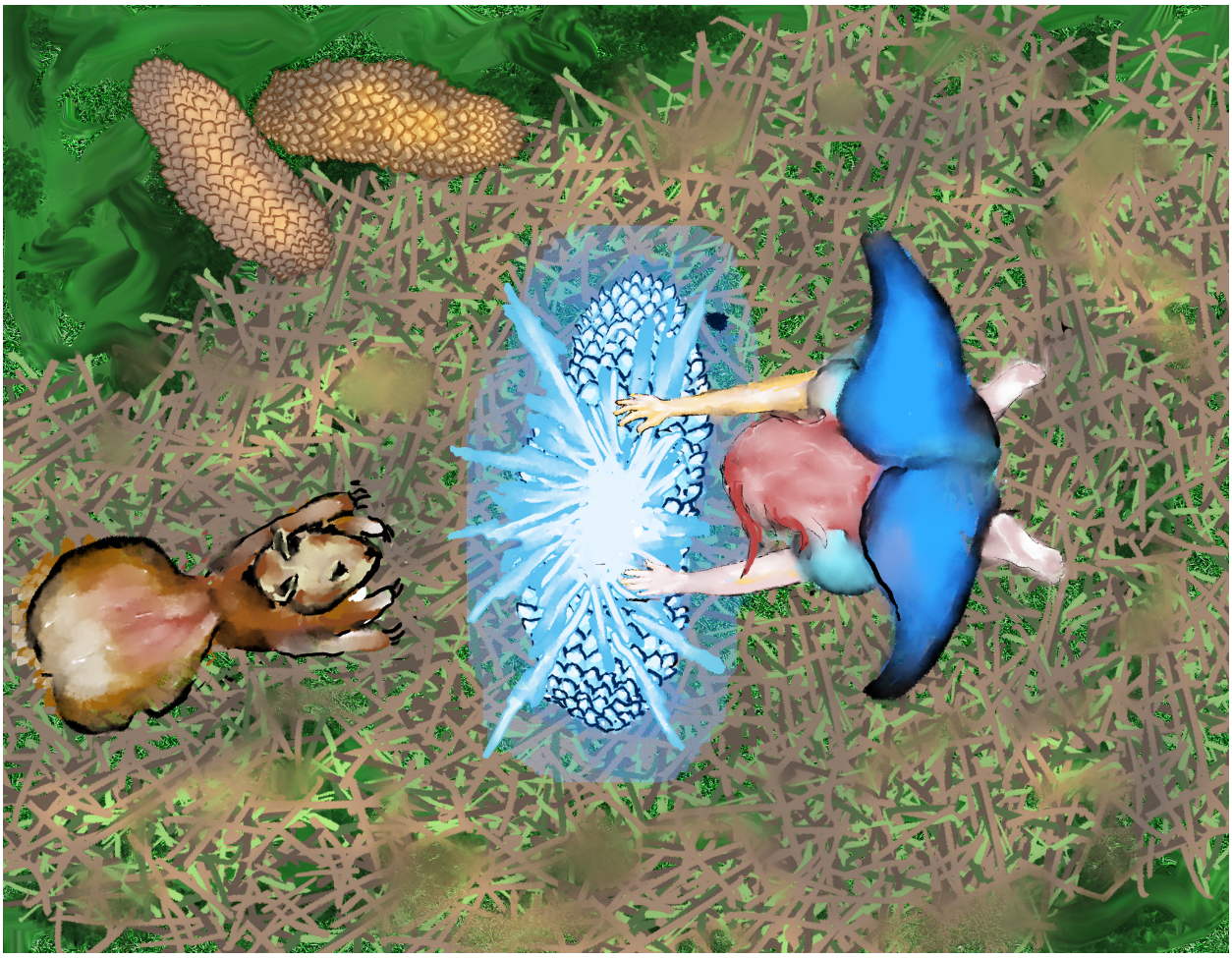
The trees grew less and less. There were wildflowers all around and grass sprouting. They came to some

boulders and a nice little gurgling spring and Petra took a drink. Jet noticed there were not many mushrooms! How could the trees talk? Soon they were in a field with no trees at all! Jet had to squint her eyes to see right. But Petra was getting all excited because she felt Jet would help her find her mother. Finally they came to a little stand of spruce. Jet looked at them closely and said;

“This fall you should look for an oak tree. These spruce are still babies! And they love to bend and sway. No

wonder you lost your nest!”
Petra nodded grimly at this truth and logged into her memory not to build nests in spruces! Ever again!

There was a nice bed of needles at the spruce grove and they smelled so good that Petra and Jet decided to rest in them while Jet thought how to find mother. Really she had no clue, but she trusted Tinadore,



explicitly. Night came and Jet rubbed her hands and touched a little spruce cone which began to glow blue! Petra thought that was wonderful! Jet thought it was just the usual thing. But she saw Petra was happy and hugged her. And they lay in the needles all night as Jet hummed little songs about breezes and spring.

Fairies love to sleep just about as much as squirrels. In fact more so as Jet found out the next morning. She heard a rustle rustle rustle and looked over to see

Petra frantically digging holes to bury the acorns they had brought. Jet raised up on her elbow and sleepily muttered;
“What on earth are you making all that racket for? You have all day to bury those acorns. Why don’t you come back and sleep some more?” Jet had gotten used to the warm squirrel and wanted more cuddle time.
Petra kept digging and yelped;
“I can’t help it! For some reason I just have to bury acorns! I must I must!” And on and on muttering to herself.
Jet grumpily turned on her side and closed her eyes but really… she could not drift off! In a huff she got to her feet and wandered off to get away from all that racket!
As she stood at the edge of the clearing near the spruce grove, Jet thought she heard the little stream they had passed before. So off she walked toward the sound; maybe she could get a cool drink! As she walked she realized there was a little trail forming under her feet leading her toward some rocks and trees. And then, wonder of wonders! Jet saw a mushroom! She was beginning to think there were none on this side of the clearing, or anywhere near the clearing!

It was a cute little red topped mushroom, just like at her home in the forest! Quickly she gathered a little leaf

and rolled it into a cone and off to the gurgling creek for a drop of water! Then back to the precious mushroom and quickly cover it with water! The mushroom said thank you graciously and then pointed down the vale and Jet saw a whole string of little red tops! Off she scampered and happily watered mushrooms all morning.
When the sun was high Jet was worn out and went for a nap by the creek. She found a nice little pad of moss and curled up and soon was asleep.

Fern

MMM. Nice and soft. Warm and cuddly. And so bright! And the green smells! Like a huge fern farm! Jet slowly opened her eyes. She looked up and all she could see was the bright sun. Then someone stood in front of the sun! Jet shaded her eyes and tried to see who it was. Finally she started to make out a green fairy with blond hair and beautiful wings! And she was laughing!

“Thank you very much for watering my mushrooms! My name is Fern! And who are you?”

Jet sat up and rubbed her eyes. “I’m Jet the blue fairy.” She muttered groggily. Jet felt so awkward! But finally another fairy! She looked up and smiled. “Happy to meet you Fern!”

Fern sat down in the moss and gave Jet a sweet kiss on her cheek. Then she started peppering her with questions like, where, when, how and all the usual. Jet answered as best she could but really didn’t have much to offer.

“Would you like to come to my home?” Fern asked. “I have some fresh dew and carrot stew!”

“Oh yes!” Blurted out Jet. “I would be happy to visit and I am very hungry!”

So off they started down the path past a long line of mushrooms that led eventually to Fern’s house. And it was a magnificent house! So intricate and with walls of moss and sticks and flowers growing all around.

“Did you make this?” Asked Jet.

“No! I’m not much good at making things! A giant made it and I just moved in. Sometimes the giant visits and sits over there under a tree and watches me water my flowers.”
Jet looked warily around trying to see the giant. Fern saw the look of concern on her face and giggled. “Silly Jet, the giant isn’t here right now! But not to worry, she just watches.”

Into the house they went and Fern got two bowls and filled them with carrot stew. It was very good! Lots of

crunchy nuts and herbs and of course carrots! Cooked just enough to mingle the tastes but not so much that the carrots might lose their crunchiness.
“MMM. Very good Fern! Can I have another bowl?”

“Yes sweetie. I have a guest, we should probably take a bowl to her too. She is just recovering from a broken foot. Would you like to meet her? “

“Yes please!” And off they went to the next room and opened the door. On the bed was a beautiful squirrel cuddled underneath the covers.
“Hi Cara! Would you like some carrot stew? I think its finally time to take off the bandage!”

“Oh finally! Can we do that first! And who is this?”

“Jet meet Cara my house guest.”

“Hello Jet. Nice to meet you.”

“Hello Cara. Please pardon but do you know a little squirrel called Petra? “

Cara’s face got an excited look and her eyes were so bright!

“Petra! She is my daughter! We got separated this winter when a silly spruce tree threw our nest in the snow! Where is she?”

“Oh Cara, Petra is not far off, resting nicely in a bed of spruce needles, unless she is not busy still burying all the acorns we brought!”

Jet, Cara and Fern had a good laugh and enjoyed their carrot stew happily chatting together and making friends.

After dinner the fairies helped Cara stand and took her outside to the fresh breezes and sat her down under a shady tree. Then off Fern and Jet marched back to the spruces to find Petra. When they arrived they saw Petra asleep on the needle bed.

“Petra did you finish hiding your nuts? “
“Yes and I’m all worn out!”
“Well time to get up, we have a wonderful surprise!”
Petra looked up and saw Fern all in green shinning in the sun.
“You found mama!” Petra was pretty smart.
“Yes sweetie, she was sick all this time! But she is safe and sound In Fern’s home. Would you like to see …”
Before she could finish Petra had bounded off down the mushroom trail and it was hard to keep up. Jet and Fern had to resort to flying just to keep from not losing her! Soon they were at Fern’s home and Petra and Cara were hugging and kissing and looked so happy.

The day wore on and the fairies and Petra took Cara back to her bed and Petra cuddled up with Cara and fell fast asleep. Cara looked up at the fairies and whispered “Thank you!” And closed her eyes. Fern and

Jet left the room and sat outside to watch the sun go down.

“Would you like to come to a fairy circle with me tonight?” Asked Fern.
“Oh yes! You mean there are more fairies here!”
“Yes we usually have a dozen or so at the circles. We have our circle on the full moon and tonight is a full moon! “
Jet got very excited and a little anguished because she had never been to a circle and didn’t know how to act.

“Just follow my lead.” Fern said competently.” I have been to many circles and know just what to do!”

So the fairies watched the sun go down over the meadow in beautiful reds and pinks and blues. Crickets began to chirp and a few cicadas started their droning. A nightingale began to sing and the moon started to rise on the other side of the meadow that the sun went down in. Jet had never seen sun or moon rise before having lived in a forest all her life! How spectacular!

Soon Fern got up and said it was time to go.

As the fairies made their way down the path they saw a glow in the spruce orchard.
“Oh that is my spruce cone!” Explained Jet. “I turned it into a blue light to keep Petra and I company our first night.”
“Oh let’s take it to the circle! All the other fairies will be so impressed!” Exclaimed Fern.
So Jet wrapped up the cone in a catawba leaf and put it on her head and off they went to the circle.

There were already some fairies there! Jet could almost see them all like it was day! You could even see your shadow in the bright moonlight! She placed her cone and happily unwrapped it. All the fairies gasped and

clapped and gathered round the cone. Jet had made a great first impression! She was so happy! Pretty soon a golden fairy flew in with her harp and started playing. All the fairies held hands and began dancing in a circle around the cone. It was a simple dance sort of like skipping, first to the left and then the right. Fairies on each side of Jet helped her with the steps. Everyone was giggling and some actually started singing! Spirits got higher and higher and soon fairies began taking off! Soon the whole circle was skipping in the air! It was so different than the flying Jet was used to! More like floating than flapping wings! And the feelings were so deep and soothing. All the fairies burst out

into song. Even Jet began to sing. She found she knew

the words even though she had never sung that song before! What a magical night!

Pretty soon the fairies collapsed in contented exhaustion in the soft grass around the cone. Fairies rolled in the grass teasing each other and giggling like children. Everyone was so happy the birds started singing! Where they came from was a huge mystery!

The moon shone so brightly now and Jet could make out a ring of mushrooms nearby.
“It’s time for the mushroom circle!” Laughed Fern.
“What is that? Asked Jet.
“Oh, you will find out! Just don’t mind the little white mushroom tendrils. It’s their way of holding hands!”

The fairies gathered around the mushrooms and Fern brought the glowing cone and placed it in the center of the ring. This was going to be special! Each fairy knelt behind a mushroom and placed her hands on the ground next to its base. Soon little soft while tendrils poked their little heads out of the ground and gently caressed each fairy hand. Jet felt a thrill inside her like nothing she had ever felt! She closed her eyes and many beautiful forms swirled inside her mind some with little faces peering into her eyes. One face looked long and hard at her and then poof! It disappeared in a cloud of blue smoke! Jet’s eyes popped wide open! Something had happened! Everyone was looking at her! The mushroom let go of her hands and she fell down and was asleep before she hit the ground.

Next morning she felt a nudge on her shoulder. Fern was kneeling beside her with a big smile on her face! “Wake up wake up sleepy head!” And then kissed her cheek.

Jet propped herself up on an elbow and looked around. Everyone was gone including the mushrooms! Wow!
“Where did everyone go?” A bewildered Jet asked.
“Oh they are about somewhere. Some went down to the creek for a swim. But look I have something for you! The mushrooms left it with your name on it!”

Fern walked over to a clump of daisies and picked up a little package. She proudly brought it back to Jet and placed it in her lap. It looked like a huge butterfly

chrysalis! And the name Jet was there right on top! And on the side a little mushroom brand of sorts! How curious!
“You must water it everyday until it hatches!” Laughed Fern.
Jet stroked the little chrysalis and started humming a little lullaby Pryl had taught her. She was so drawn to it! Her heart felt so warm and cozy with it near her. Soon she was hugging and purring with the little thing. She didn’t have much time to wonder why she was feeling this way, it all seemed so natural!

Fern smiled to herself. That had gone smoothly! She helped Jet up and picked up the cone and they walked back to her house.

Petra and her mother had gone. So Jet cuddled up in her bed and cuddled the little chrysalis and fell asleep.

About noon Jet woke and felt a strange longing to go home. She cradled her new friend and stumbled into the main room where Fern was making lunch.
“I thought I would make some food for your journey back! Y’all can stay as long as you want, but I have the feeling you are getting homesick!” Fern was so wise!
“Oh thank you Fern! You are so sweet and you are reading my mind too! They hugged and kissed and sat down at the table smiling at each other.
Soon Jet was saying goodbye and following the trail back home. So much had happened! All the joys of the last two days streamed into her mind. She must come back often to visit! Especially her new friend Fern. She had invited Fern to Tinadore clearing to meet her sturdy oak tree, but she knew the time would be just too long for her!
It was getting late when she finally got home. She could hear the mushrooms greeting her and griping a bit about being thirsty! So she hung the chrysalis up on a little branch and cuddled in her moss for a nice

sleep, because in the morning she must see to her mushrooms!

Days past and Jet happily watered her mushrooms and greeted squirrels dropping by for acorns. The chrysalis got larger and larger and started getting a deep yellowish green hue! Jet had to move it to a larger branch. She would hug it from time to time and rock it in her lap and wonder what it was the mushroom had given her!
One day Jet was instructing a squirrel when she heard giggling from her tree cave. She rushed in and there fallen from the branch was the chrysalis with a large rip

down its side and a little face peering out! Jet pulled at the split and suddenly two little arms popped out! And then a face and then lots of red hair! And then… wings! It was a baby fairy! Soon the little arms were around her neck and her face was covered with kisses! Wow! How on earth did his happen? Was she related to mushrooms? So many questions! She would have to visit fern soon!

Happiness dwelt in Jet's home and the spring days turned into summer. And Jet loved her baby with all her heart.

The End.

The Fairy Glossary

Glossary. Sometimes fairies love to discover new things and see how they fit. These are words in the story that may be new or vague or just meaningful. Each word has a fairy explanation!

Basked. Fairies, turtles, snakes, lizards and other creatures love to lie in the sun. For reptiles it warms their blood so they can be more active. For fairies it just makes them feel good.

Oak Tree. Oak is the sturdiest of trees most places. And there are so many kinds of oaks! They usually have broadest leaves with a midrib and little ribs on the sides. Oak wood is used where strength is needed. Sometimes oaks are worshiped by pagans.

Satisfactory. For something to please a fairy it has to be special! Good food, a nice place to sleep, or the weather are commonly judged items.

Advised. Usually fairies heed warnings or rules if they affect the ones they care about.

Etiquette. Fairies adhere to a set of behavioral rules when dealing with friends and loves.

Acquisition. Fairies do not take possession of items carelessly. With human giants a fairy will sometimes take a sock or a spoon or something that means a lot to the human in a small way, just to let the giant know the fairy is about.

Appreciative. An act of kindness is highly prized in the fairy world. Also music and food make lasting impressions. But most of all love brings the most emotion.

Soothing. Face it, fairies are not very soothing most of the time, usually being full of energy and joy! But when some friend or love needs a soft approach a fairy can give the most wondrous feelings!

Spruce. Spruce trees are evergreens and have cones or little seed packs shaped like long footballs. Spruce wood is very tough and flexible and used in building boats sometimes.

Wended. Usually fairies do not go in a specific direction, but when they do they don’t waste time!

Formally. Rarely are fairies formal. They do not follow rules or dress properly or put out the good china, not having much china at all! But for a friend a fairly can

follow many many rules and dress to the hilt! Meaning she can look really sharp!

Requested. When you make a request of a fairy she will take it seriously. She figures If you have taken the trouble to ask for something you must really need it! The more polite your request is the more likely you are to get it!

Extraordinary. Fairies are always unusual! What they do is exciting and beautiful. In the minds of those who witness such actions an awe comes. This is more than ordinary.

Sprouting. The one thing fairies do is help life live! Sometimes they help baby plants to grow. The beginning of life for most plants are tiny leaves breaking through the ground.

Squint. Often people narrow the space around their eyes by half closing the eyelids so less light gets in. But mostly for fairies such activity is more to have an effect on another fairy.

Logged. Most fairies refuse to keep lists. However they do remember things. For things that are important they make a little list in their minds.

Explicitly. There is no question about how to treat certain information especially from a loved one or a respected one. In a fairy's mind when she loves someone she trusts her love totally.

Huff. It is hard for fairies to become angry. So instead they show feeling with a bit of pride by stalking away.

Groggily. Fairies don't drink alcohol. Except for mead which is made from honey. They love that! And when they drink too much they get tipsy. Just like when you first wake up and try to move. Things get slow and you stumble a bit.

Peppering. Fairies don't use seasonings much. Pepper makes them sneeze! Each little bit of pepper is a big sneeze! If you have a lot of bits coming at you then there is a lot of sneezing!

Resort. Fairies don't take vacations. But often they will seek some thought or action that is unusual. That is like a vacation to them!

Anguished. Rarely does a fairy get afraid or distressed. When she does, it has to mean something for all that effort!

Competently. Doing things right is important. For fairies doing things right usually means not following rules and being natural! Not making a mistake is an art under those circumstances.

Cicadas. The sound of this little bug fill the air in deep summer. Sometimes in spring on a beautiful night you can hear a cicada! Birds and crickets and frogs just give up making noises when cicada start, they are so loud!

Nightingale. There is a bird than can sing the songs of other birds and sometimes of no bird known to anyone! Fairies prize this bird because of the beauty of its voice and the many songs it sings.

Spectacular. Just being a fairy is awesome. When you see a fairy it is like watching a beautiful sunset or gazing at the stars in an open sky. The beauty is so much your mind sorta gives up trying to describe it.

Orchard. Not only do trees communicate to each other by mushroom express, they live in families. If you see a tree without others of its kind around make sure you say hello and give it a big hug! They will appreciate this.

Exclaimed. If you have ever heard a fairy speak for any length of time you will notice how excited they get! Every word is full of energy and vital!

Catawba. There is a whole county in North Carolina named after this tree. There are some growing not a block away from me. Most people remember the super long seed pods sorta like huge black green beans. Those pods can get to two feet long! Or longer. Their leaves are soft and a bit large too, perfect for wrapping things up in!

Impression. Fairies may do something so you remember them forever.

Harp. A fairy harp does not need to be plucked. The strings can make music all on their own. But when a fairy plucks her harp its like a dozen harps are singing!

Collapsed. When a fairy is through she immediately falls to the ground and closes her eyes happily.

Exhaustion. A total state of non muscular being. This happens often in the fairy world cause most fairies go ’til they drop. And when they drop there is no getting them up until they are rested.

Tendrils. With mushrooms tendrils course through the earth like nerves. In fact they are nerves. In the movie Avatar scientists get excited about the trees talking to each other. Trees also communicate with humans and are highly respected. Well this also happens on earth!

Peering. It could be said that intense looking is the norm with fairies. Its like they see right though you. And mostly they do!

Propped. Getting up has stages in the fairy world. Propping is halfway to sitting up. A fairy can rest on her elbow for an eternity before she decides to sit. When she will actually stand up is another question.

Chrysalis. Fairies do not experience birth like humans . They tend to mimic less intense forms of birth. Sometimes they hatch from eggs, or spin cocoons or anything other than painful pushing. Also fairies don't have sex as we know it. In fact there are no males or females exactly. But most fairies prefer the pronoun she. A fairy chrysalis is a mostly mushroom concoction. Mushrooms are only for communication in the conception process. Fairy groups will tap the spirit world and a fairy spirit will decide to pop into the real world. Sometimes when walking in the woods I will see an odd little shape dangling from a leaf like a gray

banana but very small. I wonder if its a fairy or a moth or butterfly!

Cradled. One of the favorite means of body communication for fairies. They tend to cradle almost anything given the chance. Kissing and hugging are close seconds.

Y'all. A southern word contraction meaning you all. Fairies have their own word for this but most yankees don't understand it.

Gripeing. Rather than getting angry fairies will resort to almost anything. Making comments about some problem is one way of dealing.

Dwelt. Living there. Fairies always have homes and not houses or caves. They live for very very long times. Rarely do they change where they live. And yet living so long, fairies slow down time and pack a lot into it. A fairy may feel it's been years living somewhere but in human terms that could be minutes. And yet a fairy can know many generations of humans; their parents, grand parents, great great great great grandparents, children, grand children…. You get the idea?

ABOUT MIA STORY

February 2022.
This book was written by Mia Story. It is the first book in her series about Jet the fairy.
Mia went to graduate school at East Carolina University and majored in art and minored in English. She grew up in North Carolina and now lives in Iowa. Mia has written stories for her children decades ago. She has also written two larger books, one about fairies and one about the Carolinas. Mia was inspired at an early age by her mother who was a watercolorist and her father who sculpted in wood. She studied sculptures at Brookgreen Gardens and took her students there to draw and enjoy the poetry on the walls.
Mia is also a graphic artist. All the artworks in this book are by her and done in photoshop with a pen tablet. Mia works in many media. She walks into town everyday and draws or paints in watercolor. She also has had shows with acrylics and printed pieces in town. She sculpts in plasticine, wood, marble, onyx, clay, and foam. Her home has two studios. It also has an indoor garden!

Mia learned about fairies from her grandmother and mother. Later in life she learned her family was descended from fae people derived from Frieslandia.

Mia talks with fairies and what other people consider inanimate objects. Her home has a name as does just about everything else in it! She likes to hug trees, have discussions with birds and squirrels and is visited by deer, geese and rabbits. She also has spirit friends.

If you wish to see other art from Mia visit her site at:
https://miastory33.wixsite.com/website
If you wish to contact Mia her Facebook and Instagram handle is;
miastory433